Volume LXIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 2, 1909 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

O give thanks unto the Lord;
Talk ye of all his wondrous ways.
He covereth himself with light as
with a garment:
He stretcheth out the heavens like
a curtain:
He layeth the beams of his chambers
in the waters:
He maketh the clouds his chariot:
He rideth upon the wings of the wind.
Praise ye the name of the Lord.

Ps. CIV.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBTR 2, 1909. NUMBER 14.

An American Thanksgiving Hymn

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea;
Not alone for bounteous harvests
Lift we up our hearts to thee;
On this day of glad thanksgiving,
In thy light of truth serene,
We, the people of this nation,
Praise thee most for things unseen.

Not for battleship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
For the priceless gift of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the glory that illumines
Washington's and Lincoln's name—
Glory of unselfish service,
Far beyond a conqueror's fame;
For our prophets and apostles,
Loyal to the living word;
For our heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction;
Make our nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it finds its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man.

—*Wm. Pierson Merrill.*

Ben King was a wandering minstrel man, whose going and coming were erratic. His chief mission in life seemed to be to spread merriment—he was a maker of laughter, loved of his friends. He was a newspaper poet, and his going out of the world was as unexpected an event as was his coming and going in the world. But this child of an hour, because he was in league with sunshine, came to stay after death. St. Joseph, Michigan, his native city, has recently placed a monument upon his grave, and is now planning for a monument in the public park, and Forbes & Company, who made their edition of "Ben King's Verses" in 1898, their initial volume in the publication line, have put out in attractive form, for the holiday trade, "Jane Jones and Some Other Poems by Ben King," which includes the favorites, "If I Should Die Tonight," "The Pessimist," "Mary had a Cactus Plant," etc., etc. The same adventurous young publishing house will publish at an early date a life of the late lamented Governor Johnson of Minnesota, written by his intimate friends, Frank A. Day and Theodore Knappen. A second large edition of Margaret Sangster's "Happy School Days" and a volume of stories by Will J. Cuppy, entitled, "Maroon Tales," is also offered by this house.

It was a significant as well as a happy "party" that was given at the Abraham Lincoln Centre a week ago last Monday night, when the residents entertained at dinner the student body of the "Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy," of which the wise and very energetic Graham Taylor is head. Some fifty, all told, partook of the meal served in Emerson Hall, after which the students inspected the building, and at eight o'clock gathered in the audience room and were addressed by the head resident of Lincoln Centre on "The Relation of Religion to the Well-being of the State." It was an earnest, mature body of men and women—those who have lived below and beyond the usual life of the student. The light of a commanding vision was in their eyes, and the strength of a growing purpose in their voices. Many of these students are college graduates, pursuing their studies not because they would fit themselves for wage-earning positions—though that is an altogether commendable purpose, and often obtains—but because they seek usefulness—they are fitting themselves for a career of helpfulness. To the speaker of the evening, at least, it seemed as though they represent a coming ministry, and the school an embryonic ministerial training school. When religion and morals are surely planted in humanity, humanity will promptly reach divinity.

The bewildering wealth of centennial birthdays that enriches 1909 includes a Jewish Festal day. At the recent Conference of American Rabbis held in New York, fitting attention was given to the celebration of the centennial birthday of David Einhorn, the great Rabbi, who with Dr. Hirsch, the elder, gave reformed Judaism its initial movement in America. Dr. Kohler, of the Union Seminary College, son-in-law of Dr. Einhorn, gave the biographical address. Dr. Landsberg, of Rochester, New York, followed, calling attention to the "beautiful coincidence" that made the birthday of Luther and Schiller fall upon the same day as Dr. Einhorn's. He claimed that the latter "was a greater man than Luther and all the reformers of the Christian world; for while they wanted to go back

to the beginning of Christianity, Einhorn, on the other hand, did not wish to go back to the beginning of Judaism; he advocated the belief that Judaism had capabilities of infinite development." Comparisons here as elsewhere are odious and fortunately they are not necessary. Whatever imperfection of vision may have characterized either the Jew or the Gentile, they both demonstrated better than they argued, the unexhausted resources of the spirit, the power of every age to add to the past. This prophetic plus, the something more and the something new, in every reform, is the most important element, and sometimes the last thing to be discovered.

The *Advance* says that since January first saloons have been closed at the rate of forty per day; that in the neighborhood of 150 breweries have been driven out of business during the last eighteen months; that in 1908 15,000 saloons closed their doors, and that now 41,000,000 of the citizens of the United States live in prohibition territory—this means about one-half of the entire population. Encouraged by these surprising achievements it is no wonder that the "friends of law and order" are determined to force the "dry issue" upon the voters of Chicago at the next spring election. The dream of even a great metropolis determining to rid itself of the mighty incubus of the saloon is not so wild a dream as it once seemed to be. Whenever this issue can be brought before any section of American voters on its merits, unentangled by party politics, personal pledges or the menace of individual office-holders, no uncertain results will be achieved. The majority of men, whether laborers or capitalists, whether natives or foreigners, are beginning to see that there is more happiness, prosperity and "fun," for that is the conquering quest of the saloon frequenter, "in the water wagon" than "on the beer keg." The fight in Chicago, as elsewhere, when the forces are fairly drawn, will not be with the drinker or the lover of drink, but with the capitalist, who has such large investments in the business, and who sees the "big money" there is in the miserable business. The last fight is not with the lust of drink, but with the lust of gold. The first lust promptly makes a fool of the man, and he becomes an inadequate fighter; the second lust develops sagacity, and its power increases on what it feeds on.

Bellingham is away off on the Northwest corner of the Union. It is on the margin of that great Northwest which Canada claims, and almost within the sound of the waves of the Pacific. A few days ago a Unitarian chapel was dedicated at this place. Rev. Fred Alban Weil, the tireless missionary, who caused the walls to be reared, was a successful pastor in Chicago for some time. The Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., who preached the dedicatory sermon, was for seven years pastor of a dedicatory sermon, was for seven years pastor of a church in Milwaukee, and J. D. O. Powers, now of Seattle, successfully labored for many years at Sioux City, Iowa. The messages which these brethren spoke in and for the new chapel, were messages of brotherhood, of service and of progress. Mr. Eliot made the words "Christianity" and "Heresy" mutually necessary to one another, quoting Luther's "God wants no one to serve him under compulsion." And Mr. Powers in the evening declared that, "It has never been possible to repress sunshine, joy, hope in a normally developed human being," and he urged his hearers "to believe great things about God and man and life." UNITY takes little joy in the thought of one more belligerent band or institution, bent upon the differentiations of sect and on emphasizing the vivisecting lines that parcel out the community. But it greatly rejoices in another rallying point for workers, a home for another squad of pioneers, one more platoon in the army of progress a way out in the Northwest. The writer of this note remembers with pleasure the early beginnings of this movement, the earnest, constructive spirit in which it was undertaken, and send his congratulations to the growing city, with its growing needs. Let its name in this city be justified by the unity it seeks, rather than the Unitarianism with which it seeks to differentiate itself. We believe that this wish runs parallel with the purposes and the activities the new church represents. Mr. Weil is of our editorial staff and UNITY sends hearty congratulations. He is and will be a Unitarian when necessary; he is a public servant; a minister of the town; a civic uplifter, a humanizer all the time and everywhere.

The Sun Behind the Cloud at Cherry

The time has not yet come to detect the silver lining of the awful cloud that hangs over Cherry, Illinois. The horrors of the calamity have dimmed the vision and dulled the mind, but surely material is not wanting to show that even this horrible waste and unnecessary agony will be overruled by a Providence, human as well as divine, to the saving and sweetening of life. The St. Paul mine at Cherry witnesses to the carelessness rather than to the cruelty or barbarity of the managers. The promptness and efficiency with which they undertook the amelioration of the calamity, which ought to have been prevented, shows that it was the head and not the heart that was in error. Even the sagacious fox provides more than one exit to his underground home; he provides the emergency escape from his lair, to be seldom used except in times of imminent danger. Cannot men, with their present mastery of engineering problems, do as much for their coal miners? It was

no time for cant, convention, or formalism down there in the dark where the resourceful twenty-one men, rescued after seven days' imprisonment, were fighting the black damp, hunger and thirst, with the improvised weapons of organized coöperation. But when the canny Scotchman led in the singing of "Abide with Me," and asked lips, many of them unused to ritual phrases, to join in the "Our Father," they all felt heartened by the exercises. It was a contribution to the psychology of worship, the economy and vitality of religion.

Here, as after every great calamity, the cheering assurance of the growing sense of kinship that is knitting the human world into one fabric, becomes more and more apparent. The prompt and efficient way in which the Red Cross force was mustered, with their trained nurses and abundance of funds for immediate needs, does not atone for the carelessness that permitted irresponsible men to carry open torches among bales of inflammable hay, hundreds of feet under ground, but it does lead to the hope that the efficiency and thoroughness manifested in moments of emergency may become organic and habitual.

It is safe to presume that everything that could be done to ameliorate the unspeakable agony and physical want, has been and is being done. The grave question not settled yet is how to organize the beneficent purposes so that they will still be efficient when the full weight of the calamity which has befallen helpless babes and broken widows will be most felt, six months, aye, six years, hence. Our "charities" are still troubled with short memories, necessarily made more so by the delusive word "charity," never more misapplied than when used in connection with this awful wrong done the survivors of the Cherry mine horror. It is a case for justice—for an inadequate paying "on account," for an irreparable loss. Here is a case for some expert social engineering. The extent of the territory involved, the number of the sufferers in question make it almost a compassable quantity. There is no excuse for handling the widows and orphans in Cherry in bundles, or disposing of their cases by general rule. Each specific case is capable of individual diagnosis, and deserves a prescription based thereon. Between 175 and 200 families are involved. There are a thousand churches, clubs and individuals to whom one family or individual might be assigned, and over which they would exercise the benign comradeship and counsel through the long years of necessity, that would justify the motto of the Associated Charity Organization, "Not alms, but a friend." The "Relief Fund," so-called, grows apace. It will probably reach a hundred thousand dollars. This looks very large to the widows and orphans of the coal miners, and it may easily prove a delusion and a snare to them. How can this fund be so conserved and economized as to be available to help the sobbing little girl, her father's pet, through high school, or perchance college, ten years from now, and to set her little brother on the way to usefulness and to self-reliance six years hence, and to provide the necessary attendance—nurse and physician—for the broken widow, as with tottering steps she descends to the grave twenty years from now? These are the old difficulties, and on that account, the pressing sociological problems presented by this awful woe-harvest that has sprung from carelessness seed.

It is comforting to think that the wise Graham Taylor and the efficient Earnest Bicknell are at the center of those perplexities with their wisdom and skill. They ought not to lack prompt and adequate coöperation in any effort or far-reaching scheme, or long-line planning in these directions.

It is in such ways as these that the calamity can be touched with peace and power. And it is in into a life-saving event, and the bitterness of death some such ways as these that death is deprived of its sting, and the grave robbed of its victory.

A PATH TO THE WOODS

Its friendship and its carelessness
  Did lead me many a mile
Through goat's rue, with its dim caress,
  And pink and pearl-white smile:
Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,
  And promise of far things,
And sorrel with its glance demure,
  And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence,
  As childhood leads the wise,
With elbows here of tattered fence,
  And blue of wildflower eyes;
With whispers low of leafy speech,
  And brook-sweet utterance;
With birdlike words of oak and beech,
  And whistlings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm,
  As candor leads desire,
Now with a clasp of blossomy arm,
  A butterfly kiss of fire;
Now with a toss of tousled gold,
  A barefoot sound of green;
A breath of musk, of mossy mold,
  With vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things
  Into an oldtime vale,
Peopled with fairy glimmerings,
  And flower-like fancies pale;
Where fungus forms stood, gold and gray,
  Each in a mushroom grown,
And, roofed with red, glimpsed far away,
  A little toadstool town.

It led me on and on and on,
  Beyond the Far Away,
Into a world long dead and gone,
  The world of Yesterday;
A fairy world of memory,
  Faint with its hills and streams,
Wherein the child I used to be
  Still wanders with his dreams.

—*Madison Cawein, in The Atlantic.*

THE PULPIT

Religion in Modern Life

THANKSGIVING SERMON PREACHED AT THE UNION SERVICE IN THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CHICAGO, NOV. 25, 1909, BY DR. HERBERT L. WILLETT

The custom of observing an annual day of thanksgiving we inherit from our Puritan ancestors of New England. Almost as soon as they were settled in their new home on this side of the Atlantic, to which they had come to escape the persecutions which bigotry and intolerance had organized against them in their homeland, they determined to express in some public manner their thanks to Almighty God for the benefits they had received at his hands. These blessings seemed but meager as compared with the disadvantages and distresses of their condition. They were few in numbers, many of them ill from exposure, depressed in spirit by the loneliness and homesickness of their new experience, surrounded with savage beasts and still more savage men, and facing the rigors of a winter on the stormy coasts of the Atlantic. They had no conception of the wonderful continent they had discovered. They had come to find an asylum. They had really found a world. But their early Thanksgiving days held merely the purpose of gratitude for those mercies granted them, and with genuine fervor they poured out their hearts to God.

They were true children of the Old Testament, those Puritan fathers of ours. They had partaken freely of the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures. They could voice with full appreciation of the divine mercies those words of thanksgiving which are the marvel of the Psalms. They had dwelt long and tenderly upon the words of praises enshrined in the Bible. Its fine sentiments of thankfulness they had made their own. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth." "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth." "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing." "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." They were true children of the Scriptures. They had a keen sense of their dependence upon God for his favor. and their hearts responded to him for every manifestation of his love.

As the result of this intimacy of theirs with the Scriptures they possessed a very compelling sense of God's reality and of his presence with them. They could no more doubt the divine being than their own existence. All else was of less significance than their vivid consciousness of God's part in their lives. With this there went along their note of emphasis upon the right of personal access to God on the part of every believer. There stood between them and him no barrier of priestly mediation. They had fled to escape the tyrannies of a state church that demanded their conformity to authority and ritual. With passionate eagerness they approached God like children with full right of access. This they felt to be an immense and indescribable honor. Macaulay's words are not too strong: "They cared little for wealth or culture. They were not eager for orders of nobility, and they had no regard for priestly dignity. They counted themselves rich in a more enduring treasure and eloquent in a more heavenly tongue, nobles by right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand." Sin was to them an awful reality, likely to separate them from the divine presence and favor. Their consciences were keen to detect defections from what thy esteemed the law of God. Withal their patriotism was deeply rooted in their religious life. They had a sense of a divine call whenever public duty was laid upon them. In the battlefield or the council, they were equally ready to witness for God, and their metal had been tried in more than one conflict with oppression. If their lives seem joyless and austere to a pleasure-loving age like ours, it is because we have somewhat lost the capacity to appreciate those deeper wells of satisfaction from which they constantly drank.

From the Puritans' day to our own seems a far cry. Much water has gone under the bridges since the age of Standish, Carver and Winthrop. The continent on which they had barely set their feet has stretched out to vast dimensions. The industries of the new world have become formidable competitors in the industrial and commercial life of the old. Inventions have pursued each other with such rapidity that the day of miracles seems to have returned. The earth, the sea, the air and some small fragments of the psychic domain have been conquered by men. Dr. Gladden, in his recently published "Recollections," notes the swiftness with which the world has changed front even during his lifetime. If one could bring back a member of that Puritan group that laid the foundations of the republic, it would be an interesting experience to show him through the mysteries of our modern, complex and rushing world. Its marvels of transportation, illumination, manufacture, agriculture, domestic convenience, art and scientific venture would be to him past all believing. But would his approval of the manhood and womanhood of our present age, judged in the light of his own vivid sense of divine reality and human accountability to God, at all measure up to his interest in the mechanics and superficials of the modern world? And is it possible for us to persuade ourselves that as seekers after the higher life, we have quite made good? In all that ministers to convenience and even to luxury, our modern life is marvelous. But have the interests of the human spirit kept pace with those of physical achievement and well being?

It is no part of our present purpose to urge any return to the forms of Puritan living and thinking. Life has become immensely richer since their day. For their theology we have little use. Their conception of God was often hard and ungracious. The Bible they loved and studied so earnestly was for them a verbally inspired volume of heavenly direction. Their chief proofs of the providential and divine mission of Christ were supernaturalism and fulfilled prediction. Their conception of the atoning work of Christ, as substitutionary, the subjection of an innocent life to the penalties appropriate to the guilty, has been long since rejected as inadequate and immoral. Their attitude toward men of other faiths was unsocial and largely unchristian. Their theories of knowledge were crude and have given way to a better psychology. Of the history of religion, the origin of its rites and services, and the relation of Christianity to other faiths, they

knew little and cared less.

No member of the present generation wishes to go back to the theology of the Puritans. We have left it behind, and happily left it. And yet there is something which the Puritan possessed that only a few of the present generation of Christians have attained. The sense of divine reality, the practice of the presence of God, the feeling of infinite and precious relationship to the divine has too largely vanished with the decay of this cruder theology. There is no essential relation between these two facts. The life of God has been largely crowded out of modern experience by the inrush of other interests. A modern prophet of the Christian faith has well said that the western man is successful in every realm but that of religious experience. In invention, in industry, in commerce, in art, in architecture, in journalism he makes good. But in religion he seems as yet to be largely a failure. There is in him a certain superficialism which renders him incapable of discerning the deeper things of the spirit.

It must not be supposed that this estimate of things ignores the large amount of effort being put forth by Christian people, or the vast good which is being accomplished. It would be a very easy task to organize such a summary of good works taking form today under the auspices of the Christian society and in the name of Christ as would easily comfort the hearts of those who are yearning for the advent of the kingdom of God. But Christianity is never satisfied with results less ample than its Founder expected at the hands of his people. Christianity is its own most caustic and mordant critic. The railing accusations made against the church by scoffers from without are not half so pointed and pregnant as those which every sincere seeker after truth and life is formulating in his own soul with regard to the Christianity of our age. We are not on dress parade. We have a keen and humbling sense of the inadequacy of present Christian thinking, living and achievement.

Nor is it a part of our present purpose to enumerate those evils which confront the church, and against which it is called to set itself with resolute purpose to accomplish their overthrow. The saloon, the gambling hell, the brothel, the organized propaganda of infidelity, the deliberate effort to break down all safeguards that have been so carefully set about the day of rest, these and many other evils of the time might be named. But it would be equally easy to show how the church gradually rouses herself against these hostile forces from without, and accomplishes one by one their overthrow.

It is a deeper and more searching inquiry which ought to be instituted. The church has no reason to fear those enemies that are without. She knows their strength and weakness, and she marshals her forces for their annihilation. It is her own failure within that gives pause and concern. Between a past theology which is no longer convincing and effective, and a fully reconstructed statement of Christian truth which is even now in process of taking form upon the assured foundation of fresh study of the Bible, of human life, and of the work of God in the world, the church now stands with a certain hesitance and weakness, the result of imperfection and delinquencies the frank avowal of which ought to be the shortest pathway to their amendment.

The most apparent sign of weakness in the church today is the indifference of the vast majority of Christian people to the real work of the kingdom of God. The total amount of aggressive work which is being done is very great. Never were there so many organizations for the accomplishment of good in the name of Christ as today. But as a rule these activities are conducted by a small minority of the churches' working force. The remainder is a largely indifferent constituency, which has to be carried by the aggressive workers in the churches. This it is which constitutes a most serious problem weighing upon the hearts of ministers throughout America. The inrush of other interests has diverted the attention of many very good people from the really serious business of life, and it is only a Gideon's band which remains to take up the tasks of Christianity.

Then, too, there is a sense of depression in the moral atmosphere of our age. The appeal of the sensual is very strong. Morality tends too frequently to become only a regard for what is conventional. And the conventional, unrestrained by serious convictions, tries to go as far as may be hazarded in forbidden fields without actually losing respect. Childhood grows up without reverence for holy things. or even for the great moralities of life. Popular opinion upon ethical questions is capricious and wilful. Divorce grows appallingly frequent. And men and women who are willing to trifle with the sanctities of life grow flippant even in their respect for courts that so freely grant them the license to disrupt domestic relationships. Evil books are not only tolerated, but their reading is taken for granted as a part of the experience of the sophisticated. And in too much of the literature of our day, Pagan rather than Christian morals are exploited. Many of the theaters, not merely of the cheap and disreputable class, but those also which cater to the fashionable life of the age, deliberately go to the limit of decency in their affront to every refined and sensitive emotion. The tide of life hurries men and women on to the abyss of sensual, superficial, tainted living. And the church stands by and either mildly protests or actually consents to this spectacle. The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that Christian people are responsible for these conditions, because they make up a large majority of the population, and no enterprise could thrive long that was under the ban of a righteous public disapproval. It is the luke-warmness of moral sentiment which allows this degradation of life to go almost unrebuked that constitutes one of the serious signs of the church's weakness today.

When one turns to the industrial and commercial world a pathetic spectacle of strife and selfishness is seen. One the one side the forces of capital strive to mass themselves for the exploitation of greater and still greater schemes of self enrichment, and with conscienceless disregard of the rights of men; and with the brute force secured by compactness of organization, succeed in crushing out all opposition until the blistering words of the prophets of Israel are the only vehicle capable of expressing adequately the censure they deserve. The revelations of commercial dishonesty, rapacity, greed, and vindictiveness which have come to public scrutiny within the past decade have done much to lessen confidence in the integrity of great business corporations in which formerly there was implicit belief. The exposure of frauds in insurance, railroad manipulations, land syndicates and sugar com-

panies has seriously disquieted the public mind regarding the honesty and integrity of the modern business world. The exploitation of womanhood and childhood as well as manhood in mines and factories under systems that demand over-work and permit under-pay exhibits the conscienceless and unscrupulous character of that brute force which becomes proud of its power to crush opposition and to amass wealth. The pathos of this situation lies in the fact that the leaders in these nefarious enterprises are too frequently men of professed Christian lives, office-holders in the church and supporters of the interests of religion and charity in the community. The shame and disgrace of such unsocial conduct as has shocked and aroused the conscience of the church in recent years is not atoned for, but rather made more shameful by the payment of money from such sources to support churches, colleges, missions and other philanthropies.

On the other side, organized labor exhibits almost as vicious a type of brute force as organized capital. Under the plea of "brotherhood," organizations have been formed whose aggregate strength is apparently being used for the accomplishment of the same selfish and unprincipled ends to which combined wealth sets itself. Instead of granting the individual liberty, he is crushed with a tyranny as galling and remorseless as that exercised by capital. And the shame of the situation once more lies in the fact that so many Christian men in the labor ranks yield themselves to this system of things as if the warfare in which they are engaged with capital justified the means employed. No doubt public sympathy is enlisted on the side of the laborer rather than the capitalist, because labor can only depend upon such strength as numbers and shrewdness give to it. It has not the same resources of education, experience or money. But neither capital nor labor as organized in our day has begun to show any sensitiveness to the ethics of Jesus or the ideals of brotherhood. Too largely as yet the law of the jungle prevails. And this is a part of the disgace which the church has to bear.

Another proof of the weakness of the church is seen in the diversion of its energies to side issues and secondary concerns. One of the depressing examples of this tendency is seen in the invasion of the church by a set of physical interests which turn religion into magic and make the church a therapeutic agency. Of this movement there are two manifestations. One denies the reality of evil, sickness and sin; and thus sets itself squarely against the facts of experience and the laws of right thinking. Religion thus becomes the servant of the body rather than of the heart and soul, and a fanciful and grotesque set of vagaries takes the place of a sane and sensible interpretation of life. The second expression of this tendency is the transformation of the church into an organization for the practice of healing as a mental remedy. This is much less reprehensible than the former practice, because it takes some actual inventory of the established facts of experience. Its essential fallacy lies in its promotion of healing to the place of one of the chief, if not actually the chief, function of religion. No one will object to a reasonable effort on the part of the church to care for the bodies as well as the souls of men, and we now know quite well that the two are so linked in the ordinary complex of experience that both must be taken account of in any rational redemptive effort. But the effort to make a religion out of the practice of healing is one of those illogical and misdirected attempts which is sure to prove abortive and unsatisfying. The church will look back from the next century upon these crude and pathetic substitutes for religion with the same astonishment with which we today reflect upon the vagaries and illusions, such as the worship of relics, the faith in miracle, the bondage to superstition and the belief in witchcraft, which so often broke out in the church of the Middle Ages. The attempt to make an essential materialism, such as physical healing proves itself to be, masquerade in the livery of a spiritual religion is only the proof of unsound and errant thinking.

Closely joined to this subject of psychic therapeutics is that of spiritism, although the latter has lent itself so long and so consciously to fraud and trickery that there seems less excuse that any modern mind should be duped by it. And yet it seems to be the fate of a superficial and unspiritual age to be led away by the glamour of mystery. Men and women who were yesterday denying all reality to deity and the spiritual life, are today proclaiming themselves disciples of spiritism and insisting that the avenues into the unseen world are quite open and traversable. In spite of the fact that every trick and practice of the mediums has been exposed again and again, and that the messages purporting to come from beyond the grave are for the most part so puerile and inane as to be a sad reflection upon the intelligence of the spirit world, the number of those misled either by the impostures of the spiritists or the perfectly explicable facts of psychic phenomena, constitutes a considerable company. That even men of intelligence and usefulness are seduced into these unprofitable and ambiguous regions is shown by the recent alleged interview of Mr. W. T. Stead with "Gladstone," who discoursed with him at some length on the present English political situation, in language which was either manifestly of Mr. Stead's own phrasing or was so trivial as to put to the blush the friends of this versatile but misled journalist.

And what shall be said of the war of the sects, which is the standing disgrace and scandal of Christendom? Nowhere does the church show itself more delinquent than in its hesitance to overcome these sectarian divisions, which weaken its effectiveness and make it the object of derision and disdain on the part of confessors of other faiths, as well as the men of no faith. The fraternity and fellowship of this meeting today is an indication of what might be perpetually enjoyed by the church of Christ in any community, if only the heritage of the past could be used for good and not for evil. It is the dead hand of tradition and the grasping hand of denominational self-interest that keep alive our rivalries and jealousies and prevent that effective unity which would still consist with perfect freedom of personal conviction and church practice. The money that we spend in keeping up denominational machinery would evangelize the world in a single generation. The time, effort and money put into the different contending churches of any community would provide amply for all the actual needs of that group, would care amply for all the deserving poor within reach, and permit the erection of such monuments of Christian art as would rival the finest cathedrals of Europe and be the perpetual joy of the Christian society. The great names in Christian history are our common property. Christ is not divided.

We were not baptized into the name of Paul or any other human teacher. When our divisions shall disappear, as they must presently, a new era of effectiveness will be ushered in.

As if to partially retrieve the sense of loss and depression resulting from these unhappy conditions, the churches attempt spasmodic remedies in the form of a revivalism which is becoming increasingly the object of suspicion and criticism. Of evangelism after the true order the church will always be an advocate. Evangelism lies at the heart of the gospel. The call of men to the holy life must be made imperious and compelling in every generation of Christian history. But of a revivalism that is mechanical, legalistic, emotional, hypnotic and apparently chiefly concerned with numbers rather than with character, with newspaper reports rather than with permanent transformation of life, we have had enough and quite enough. For the obviously good results that come from revivalism of this type in the lives of those who are actually converted to the Christian faith and to right living we pay too large a price in the waste of the many who pass through these paroxysms of emotional fervor without further results, and become thereby less susceptible than ever to Christian influence; in the cheapening of religion throughout the community, by making it an agency for entreating, cajoling, threatening and wheedling men and women into the churches; and in the inevitable tendency to interpret God in terms so trivial and mechanical that men lose regard for the Father who should be the very center and source of their lives.

From such superficial efforts to correct the evils of our day the church needs to come back to reality and the sense of its divine call to friendship with God and with men. We need not wish to go back to the Puritan days, for they, happily, can never come again. But we may well crave such a consciousness of God as those strong spirits of the past possessed. The human soul cries out evermore for God to satisfy its need by the vision of eternal values and by a program large enough and important enough to engage the ardent and unreserved interest of all men and women of serious minds in the task of the church today. In spite of its inefficiencies and failures there is every reason for encouragement and confidence. New forces are constantly being added to the effective power of the church. Gradually the conviction is coming into our human life that religion is no secondary thing, but the greatest interest with which humanity can be concerned. As this conviction grows the superficial and trivial will drop away from our Christianity leaving the fundamental and eternal. We shall depend less upon a God who was, than upon the living Father whom Jesus revealed. We shall have done with dependence upon ceremony, theologies, organizations, and superstititions, and put our whole dependence upon the God whose power has been so marvelously shown through all the centuries of Christian history. In the confidence of his presence with us, though too often unseen and unheard, we have our ground of real thanksgiving today. For his presence is more than life. Myers writes:

> "Whoso hath felt the spirit of the Highest
> Cannot confound, nor doubt him nor deny,
> Ay with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
> Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.
>
> "Who that one moment has the least descried him,
> Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
> Doth not despise all excellence beside him,
> Pleasures and powers that are not and that are."

And so, for the great facts of our faith and for the presence of God in our national life, even to the partial extent that the facts warrant us in claiming these blessings, we have cause for deep and profound thankfulness, and we may, with Whittier, voice that sense of satisfaction, as he sings:

> "For art and labor met in truce,
> For beauty made the bride of use,
> We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
> The austere virtues strong to save,
> The honor proof to place or gold,
> The manhood never bought nor sold!
>
> "Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
> In peace secure, in justice strong;
> Around our gift of freedom draw
> The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
> And, cast in some diviner mould,
> Let the new cycle shame the old!"

President Eliot's "Religion of the Future"

We can all rejoice that this remarkable address was delivered and that it is having wide circulation. Anything is better than stagnation, and America is alarmingly stagnant at present in matters pertaining to religious belief. Theology is everywhere at a discount, for people falsely assume that we can prosper without an intellectual interpretation of our religious life. This sad abandonment of reason in religion has reached the danger point. Mental anarchy prevails in the spiritual realm; and as a result, "Christian Science" and kindred delusions abound.

It is immensely helpful to have an address given that compels thought along these lines of our religious life. We have already sat too long idle and indifferent in a fool's paradise of complacency, mumbling to one another that it makes no difference what a man believes! Such spiritual nihilism is neither creditable nor wholesome. Religious faith with keen intellectual equipment is not yet a spent force in the world, and a great conviction that can assert itself in terms of reason is still a needful tool of life.

Therefore, we thank President Eliot for his address that is making the American people *think* about religious problems. And there needs to be a good deal of hard thinking about the deep root principles of life before we hurry off to bring in the kingdom of heaven by adopting a socialistic program that transforms the pulpit into an economic propaganda and turns the church aisle into a bread-line! People are loudly shouting all about us: Ministers must be trained so that they can attack social problems. But the philosophy is only "stomach-deep." When the bread is evenly divided, the people will not then be in paradise. Man has a soul which alone holds the key to heaven. Certainly as much bread and as few rags as possible; but men with short rations have been heroic and women in rags have been angelic. We need to think a little more clearly about man as spirit before we commit ourselves to a philosophy of life that regards human beings as little more than economic agents.

President Eliot is making us think about religion; and this is profitable. His address does not deserve the sulphurous condemnation of conservators. It will be unfortunate if liberals accept it as an adequate statement of faith. It is not a description of the heart of religion, past or future, but a strong presentation of some of the accidents and results of piety. He has

clearly defined certain characteristics of the religion of the future; but these are only branches on the Tree of Life, the majestic trunk of which does not appear in his picture.

Brief references to two points will explain what is here meant. President Eliot clearly defines certain elements which will belong to the thought of God in the future. All this is nobly stated. But religion is something vastly more than a *thought of God,* however glorious. No mere "thought" of God ever reared a temple or chanted a psalm. Faith in God, worship of God, the sense of holiness, the consciousness of communion with God,—this is religion: this is the root that bears the church. But there is no adequate appreciation of this in the address. In fact, the worship side of religion is not sufficiently described, and the office of the church as a representative of religion as a corporate life is ignored, except its social functions, which relate to another matter.

The other point has reference to Jesus, who is dismissed with a few words, as one whose teachings have not been outlined. But the supreme thing in Christianity is not those teachings, but the spirit of his life. The heart of Christianity, what makes it a religion, what gives it creative power, what sends out missionaries, what saves sinners, what builds churches, is a personality, not a precept. It was not respect for the sayings of Jesus that won Peter, stirred John, and converted Paul. It was a life: the Son of God. The church has a noble task in teaching the Sermon on the Mount; but its supreme and sublime errand is to administer and incorporate the spirit of Jesus. The motive power of Christianity is not didactic but vital; not to teach a code but to impart the spirit of a life. The note of profound personal loyalty to Jesus,—what really makes a *Christian,*—is lacking in this address, which, therefore, lies before us as a noble philosophy of life, but it does not equip us with living faith; it does not actually make us religious.

Again, by emphasizing the "call to service," as a major element in the religion of the future, President Eliot makes the mistake of dealing overmuch with the product rather than the source of religion. The early Christian churches are a significant example for all times of magnificent social services: services that reorganized the world and relaid the foundations of civilization. But their word of power was something more than a "call to service." They called men to repentance and faith; to newness of life in Christ. And when the heart was cleansed from sin and filled with love, then the services followed of necessity. What this soft and selfish generation needs, is not so much a call to service, but a call to repentance, to sacrifice, to faith. We are too much engaged in painting the leaves of the tree of life, whereas we ought to be feeding the roots of life. The surer and deeper way to a new earth is not by a call to service, but by a new heart. Let us by all means have an "Applied Christianity," but the only Christianity that has very much to apply is one that originates in love of Jesus, and comes to its social service with some sense of the agony of Gethsemane and the victory of Calvary!

Many readers will find very much that is stimulating in the great address, but some will not find it wholly satisfying. When we turn from it to Channing's "Likeness to God" and "Love to Christ," we feel that we have made a radical change in spiritual climate. When we pass from it to the throbbing passages of Parker's "Discourse of Religion," we discover how far we have traveled and begin to doubt whether all our steps have been those of progress. When we step from it to Martineau's "Lo, God Is Here," or "Great Hopes for Great Souls," we feel a satisfying spiritual thrill, a consciousness of widening horizon and richer melodies; and we recognize that whatever else the religion of the future may be, it must give us the sky line of immortality. The satisfactions of service to our brother are sweet, indeed, but the soul demands the assurance of immortal service, and it does make some difference in our love for that brother, whether we look upon him as the mere child of the hour or as the heir of eternity. The religion of the future will not eclipse the star of hope.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Boston.

MY THANKS AND MY APOLOGY

For your sweet patience, friends, I do thank you;
Aye, more—so more than merely words may tell.
The test has been severe, for what more tries
Forbearance at its best than crossing one's
Religion? That,—"religion,"—is the name
We give it in our common daily speech—
A misnomer it is, that means belief.
Religion tolerates, and it forbears
Unto the end. Belief is partisan,
And it hath fangs. Who stops to analyze
Belief? Who feels unto reality
Belief is but air-woven at the last,
As tenuous and vague as but a dream;
An accident of blood, or a mayhap
Of mere geography? A heritage,
Or less. Mahommedan, or infidel
He'll be if born in Turkey; infidel
Or Christian he, if born in Christendom.
See what a sleazy fabric 'tis within
Itself—belief. A sugar-coated doubt
At most; a rule of action, whatsoe'er
Its error be. Belief hath writ the past
In martyr blood; it settled on the world
That pall, the mediaeval night. Who'll hold
That evidence is mother to belief
While evidence to one is empty phrase
Unto another. So, in sum, belief's expressed
In tissued bents and fantasies; and creed,
Inflexible creed for which men whilom cut
Each other's throats, is but staked-off belief.
Subjective sides of false equations—these
Have ruled, and men believed, merely—because.
There's no belief in truth, for truth is truth.
Truth hath no compromise with mere belief.
Truth does not bow to myth nor legend; it
Is wholly self-sufficient, and it stands
Upon—itself. Immutable as 'tis
Inflexible, it hath no variants—
It hath no creeds.

This argument of mine—
Wrought out in honesty, at least—is my
Apology for nonconformity.
The measure of my difference from you,
Is that of yours from me, and by a feat
Of charity, unknown of old, you see,
And do concede it. Swift you're faring toward
That epoch-light that shineth for us all—
The light that lighteth up God-fatherhood,
Man-brotherhood. You see that in my field
Unfenced, as sweet flowers bloom as those
Within your close-fenced yard. Across the fence,
The fence between us, we do now shake hands—
A spark from these clasped hands shall set the fence
On fire—'twill burn unto extinction—yea,
Till clasped hands shall encircle all the earth—
Glory to God—glory to God in the highest!

Cleves, O. —*William Colby Cooper.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Piles of Books

Prof. Edward T. Devine gives us from the Macmillan Press a book that ought to be thoroughly studied. It is a great deal more than what is stated in the title—"Misery and Its Causes." I should like to review the book at great length. He makes the first condition for bad heredity feeble minded, alcoholic, or syphilitic parentage. He holds that the allowing of such childbirth is a grievance against society. The wrong is not only to the children themselves but to human progress. He would have this matter socially controlled, and points out the fact that we are already on that road. I wish he had made more of the ruinous work being done by our public schools in breaking down the nervous power of children; but he does insist upon industrial training in the place of instruction in outgrown traditions. The book is sound from beginning to end, and ought to have been written. The author is editor of the *Survey,* and in publishing that magazine he has raised the purport of journalism substantially. The *Literary Digest* is a superb resume of current literature, and is a remarkable piece of work, both in its editing and in its historic value; but it needs the *Survey* right along with it. The two magazines you cannot spare.

Prof. Briggs is at the front once more with "Church Unity," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Of course he is advocating substantial and organic church unity. I do not believe this will ever come about. The nearer we come to it, the nearer we come to a slavish obedience. He relies upon the Divine Spirit to pick out the doctrines that are orthodox; and he believes that this will lead all the churches into a peaceful and quiet and complete unity. He holds that the great Catholic principles are, first, "a consciousness of geographical unity in one church, spread throughout the world"; second, historical unity by succession from the Apostles. This involves that "nothing shall be regarded as Catholic that cannot be derived as a normal development of the Apostolic Church"; and in the third place, "vital or mystic unity with Christ—this involves that Christian life and worship, as instituted by the historic Christ, and maintained by union with the reigning Christ, shall be conserved as making the church truly holy." There we have it, and my opinion is that an injection of Buddhism would not do the book any harm. I mean by this that what we want is not an evolution of the historic Christianity, but an evolution of that preceding and vital humanity, which calls all men into one fold of freedom and honesty. Christianity is only one blessing of human evolution along love lines.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have a magnificent work, entitled "The Problem of Human Life," translated from Rudolf Eucken, by Prof Hough of George Washington University. This is a masterful book, and it will do any one good to put into it a good month's study. It steadies one's theories to see them from a historical standpoint. The book considers human life as viewed by the great thinkers from Plato to the present time. It will temper your optimism, but it will positively forbid pessimism. It will compel you to look soundly at the foundation of your theories.

From the Macmillan Company comes a charming book by Jacob A. Riis, called "The Old Town." This is the old town across the water, where some of us got our ancestral biases. It is beautifully illustrated, and I may add is Dutch in the full sense of that word. It will make you a tip-top holiday book.

Our friend Prof. L. H. Bailey, of New York State Agricultural College, undertakes to tell what agriculture is, in a text book for schools and rural societies. He calls it "The Principles of Agriculture," and it is published by the Macmillan Company. He believes that the starting point in the teaching of agriculture is nature study—the training of the power to see things, and then draw accurate conclusions. He thinks we have a great lot of humbugs in the country who pass themselves off for farmers; but he thinks that their day is pretty nearly past. This book is intended to help them get off the track.

The Macmillans have sent me "The Wayfarer in New York." This book is intended as a guide for Americans in New York City. It was high tim ethat we had it. The book is admirable. The author is Edward S. Martin.

If we could hear from Mars, I imagine that the description of the government and general affairs of any Martial people would be no more unique than that which we get from Australia. I quote from an English Magazine:

> There, beasts have mallard's bills and legs;
> Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs;
> And birds, altho they cannot fly,
> In swiftness with the greyhound vie.
> There parrots walk upon the ground;
> And grass upon the trees is found;
> Stones are outside the cherries put;
> Swans are not white, but black as soot.

This introduces the best book on Australia that I have ever seen, by B. R. Wise, entitled "The Commonwealth of Australia," and published by Little, Brown & Company. There are a few familiar points in this book; among these a discussion of a tariff, and an argument for a big navy and a standing army. The trouble all over the world seems to be that Germany is rolling westward, and itching for colonial property. A good illustration of tariff statesmanship tells us that the United States forbids any Australian steamer from carrying a cargo between the Philippine Islands and the Sandwich Islands; and Germany forbids her own steamers importing a pound of meat from Australia. The fact is that when evolution brought us forward from the brute, she made a mistake in not leaving with us the snapping and snarling of the wolf and the barking of the dog. I believe, however, the dog never does bark except in human association—suggestive of tariff legislation, and of Cook and Peary.

From Putnam's I have "The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage," by Alice MacGowan. Those who have read this in *Putnam's Magazine* will want the volume. It is fresh and stirring, and on the whole is a thoroughly good novel.

From the same firm I am in receipt of another of Myrtle Reed's books—this one is "Old Rose and Silver"; a delightful and thoroughly wholesome story, with those fine touches, playful yet earnest, which

characterize all of Miss Reed's books. You will thoroughly enjoy it, and you will keep it on your table, to more than read.

From Jacobs of Philadelphia, I have "Conquering the Arctic Ice," by Mikkelsen. Betwixt jealousy, lying, false swearing, bragging, and quarreling, the words North Pole have lost their charm, and stand for something distressingly mean. The worth of it any way was the hunt and the struggle to get there. And here in this book we have it—and a noble, manful book it is. The illustrations are perfect—I never saw better for truth telling. The maps are admirable, and let me tell you that the two partners, Mikkelsen and Leffingwell, had no quarrel. "A moment we stood wtih hands clasped, then abruptly said good-bye—a silent wis that everything would go well with the other; and that partnership, which we both had done our best to keep smooth was dissolved." The style of this book is as excellent as the matter. The writer is no mere adventurer, but a literary and cultured gentleman.

Our friend B. O. Flower has got out the first number of the *Twentieth Century Magazine*—into which is merged B. Fay Mills' *Fellowship*. This is another magazine with a mission. It is intended to represent and advocate public ownership of public utilities, compulsory arbitration in industrial relations, industrial education, equal suffrage and similar reforms. We look for a really important addition to our magazine literature. *Hibbert Journal* sends in its October number. There is a good deal given in this number to the medical side of Christianity, the healing power manifested by Jesus, and just now coming to the front again, in the Emmanuel movement.

E. P. Powell.

Richard Watson Gilder

The unexpected death of Richard Watson Gilder is more than a personal bereavement to the thousands in every part of the land, and in other lands, to whom he was known affectionately either in person or—even better—by the revealing personality of his poetry and other writings. To his associates of this magazine, who from the daily contact of many years knew his rare spirit, his uncompromising scrupulousness, his high standards of personal influence, his large horizons of sympathy, his instinct and habit of usefulness, it must always seem that the noble qualities of the real man can never be made known to the world as they are known to us. To the readers of the *Century*, in which for the nearly forty years of its existence he has been a formative and determinative force and for the last twenty-eight years its responsible and devoted editor-in-chief, his death must be like the loss of a friendly voice from the fireside,—a voice of hope and of warning, of optimistic faith and of brave encouragement toward worthy ends.

Circumstances compel us to defer to another opportunity anything like an adequate consideration of the claims for remembrance which his artistic and public activities demand. But to those who never met him we may speak of one or two characteristics that made him a citizen of great and lasting influence for good and one of the most beloved of men and poets.

The keynote of his character was loyalty. This trait pervaded every relation of his life like a sustaining and inspiring atmosphere. To his family and his friends, to his editorial and other business associates, to his social and civic obligations and, not least of all, to his Art—which remains his most individual record—he was loyalty itself. Nor was this a weak or blind impulse of goodness—rather it was a discriminating faculty of giving generously what was due each, based on his delicate sense of proportion and appropriateness. The call of Duty to him was imperative, and no man since James Russell Lowell—at whose death he seemed to receive a consecration of civic ardor—has more faithfully held up the highest ideals of American citizenship. To the effectiveness of this inspiring labor he had unmistakable testimony. Like another Galahad,

> "His strength was as the strength of ten
> Because his heart was pure."

In this work, and in fact in all the multitude of his philanthropic activities, his influence and example have now become a heritage to his country.

Another note which runs through his life, his editorial writing and his poetry—a note that deepened with the advance of years—is that of personal responsibility. He felt that institutions were in the last analysis merely men, and that ours could be preserved only by the virtue and altruism of the individual citizen. The scorn he felt for those who were wilfully recreant to their political duties was like that of a soldier for a deserter. His humility and self-effacement gave sincerity to his appeals to the best in every one. He had the keenest sense of *noblesse oblige,* and in all his spiritual and beautiful verse there is nothing more expressive of the chivalry of his life than these lines, the aspiration of which he embodied in his career:

> "When to sleep I must
> Where my fathers sleep;
> When fulfilled the trust,
> And the mourners weep;
> When, though free from rust
> Sword hath lost its worth—
> Let me bring to earth
> No dishonored dust."

In the contemplation of such a record, the poignancy of the wide-spread sorrow for his loss becomes a measure of the thanksgiving which should be felt for his noble life and character.

—*Advance Sheet from the January Century.*

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The Grand Old Man has gone to work anew
His labor and his love; his heart was young
Through all the stress of years with songs unsung,
No good but he espoused, no cause where true
Men struggled any shackles to undo,
But he gave courage, cheer; his message rung
For faith, for peace, mistaken lives among;
For perfect good, for perfect manhood too.
He preached, "Look up," and men his vision saw,
"Look Forward," and to souls new purpose came,
"Look Out" for others, always "Lend A Hand:"
He saw men blindly stumbling 'neath life's law;
With God's transmuting glow, he touched to flame,
And kindled sparks of love in every land.

Emma Playter Seabury.

To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves.

—*William C. Gannett.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO.

—On Sunday evening, November 7, Helen and Irwin Rosenfels celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding with a dainty supper for some half a hundred of their friends in the social rooms of Lincoln Centre. The mental preparation for this anniversary had been made earlier in the day at the Harvest Festival of the Church, where, surrounded by appropriate symbols, the ripened corn and fruits of the Harvest Home, the twin Rosenfels babies, Paul and Walter, were christened by the pastor and dedicated to the service of Truth, Beauty and Love. The intertwining of the two occasions added meaning and beauty to both. Supper over, the party adjourned to the Browning Room, and most of the friends present offered their contributions to the seriousness or enjoyment of the evening, the pastor adding the religious accent and voicing the love and congratulations of the company, most of whom were present at the marriage five years before in the little All Souls Church across the street, where pastor Charles Wagner of Paris assisted Mr. Jones in the simple and beautiful ceremony. It was a tender and fitting way to celebrate such an anniversary, and a high use for the Lincoln Centre social rooms, making an occasion worthy of the Sunday evening hour, the joyful anniversary, and the Abraham Lincoln Centre. E. H. W.

—The usual Thanksgiving dinner, which for over a quarter of a century has been spread by All Souls Church for the "benefit of those friends of the work and their friends" who have no nearer home table to gather around, this year called together about 150, the largest company yet served. They sat down at five o'clock, and after the abundance of turkey, cranberry, and pumpkin pie were discussed to the finish, there was some after-dinner talking, interspersed with singing. "Olden Days," "Sweetheart Days" and "Coming Days" were discussed, and when the tables were removed there were more readings, dancing and geniality.

—The Public Library, under the leadership of its new librarian, Mr. Legler, has voted to make Abraham Lincoln Centre a "branch." After the holidays the stock of books is to be increased to 5,000 copies and the reading room is to be fully equipped. An assistant librarian, a children's librarian and a page as a minimum force are to be installed at the expense of the library, the Centre furnishing a "Reference Librarian" in the present incumbent, Miss Evelyn H. Walker, and providing the room, light and heat and janitor service. This is a union of forces which it is hoped will set the pace for many similar combinations on the higher lines.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE THEOLOGICAL FACULTIES OF GENEVA.—One result of the separation of church and state in Geneva has been the establishment of an independent Evangelical Theological School under the fostering care of a private association, whose present president is Mr. Alexander Claparède, a consistent advocate of the Separation, a member of the famous committee of nineteen which drafted the constitution for the reorganization of the disestablished church, and for many years an earnest supporter of the justice and wisdom of granting women ecclesiastical suffrage, or the same rights and powers as men in the management of church affairs.

The annual meeting of this association occurs in the fall in connection with the formal opening of the year's work in the Theological School. The school occupies commodious quarters on the *rue de l'Athénée*, with a preparatory department on the *Boulevard Helvétique*, where also is a large students' hall called the *Foyer*. It opens its third year with fifteen students in Theology and seven in the preparatory department, the same as last year. A graduating class of five presented these on the completion of their studies last year.

An innovation in connection with this school is an auxiliary course of "practical studies" including psychology, sociology, mental therapeutics, hygiene and New Testament grammar. Another is the admission of women to representation on the board of directors. The secretary of the association is at the present time a woman.

The financial question has given the finance committee some concern notwithstanding collections made in the United States and Great Britain. As the institution grows an increase of revenues will be imperative, but one cannot doubt that it will come as the people become used to carrying such responsibilities themselves instead of depending upon the state.

The annual address before the association this year was by Professor Ruffet on Calvin and Servetus, a subject of which one would think the Genevans, even more than others, would begin to be a little weary. Perhaps now that the Calvin jubilee is fairly over this topic may be allowed to slumber for a season.

While the independent theological faculty is thus feeling its way and growing in favor and effectiveness, the position of the old theological faculty of the University grows more anomalous and its future more uncertain. Professor August Chantre, who has recently resigned the chair of historic theology on account of age, has been in time past one of the most aggressive champions of religious liberalism in a political way. It seems probable now that his chair will be divided. Three names have been put in nomination before the Department of Public Instruction,—Mr. Eugene Choisy (born in 1866) doctor of theology and pastor at Plainpalais, Mr. Mr. Ernest Rochat (born 1868) also a doctor of theology and pastor at Plainpalais, and Mr. Paul Ebersolt, a young theologian of the French Lutheran church, at present teaching in the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* at Paris. I learn from a private source that the two former are likely to be appointed. Pastor Choisy is well qualified as a historian of the Reformation. Mr. Rochat, who was one of the Swiss delegates to the Boston Liberal Congress, is less of a historian but represents the liberal element in the church. The nominations will be made by Mr. Rosier, head of the Department of Public Instruction, who being a Frenchman is strictly neutral as regards liberals and evangelicals. This double appointment will give two minor chairs in place of one important one, and in fact the future of this faculty in the University becomes more and more uncertain now that church and state are separated.

M. E. H.

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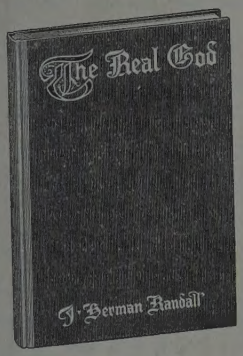

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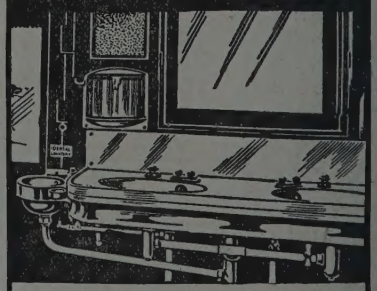

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